

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, April 4. 1710.

Great is the Honour of PARLIAMENTARY JUSTICE ! said the Author of this Paper, *with a Mark of Admiration* ; When he read the Votes of Friday last, relating to the Mine-Adventure. Such a Fraud has not been practis'd for some Ages in any Nation, circumstance'd with so many unmerciful Particulars, wheedling in Widows and Orphans, and all Kinds of unwary People—Covering the Cheats of Management with all the Cunning of a twenty Years Artifice—Lotteries, Insurances, Funds, Loans, Interests, Ingraftments, Banks, and a hundred more Shams above Ground, besides all their subterranean Frauds—No Cheat in this Nation ever run the Length this has done—

Stock Jobbing, black as it is, is a Fool to this ; then to whiten this Devil, it has been defended by pious Shams, Pretences of Religion, writing Books of Meditations, and the like, to let us see, that all the Canting is not among the *Dissenters*, nor all the Hypocrisie among the *Occasional Conformists*.

And now we see what it is come to—Sir *H*—*M*—, and his Agents are voted Cheats, and a Bill order'd to be brought in, to secure their Estates towards Satisfaction—And now am I to be call'd Witch again, or Prophet, since full four Years ago I did foretell this very Thing in the *Review*—Told you all, it was an original Cheat, and that it could never stand ;

stand; that whoever ventur'd their Money in it, would certainly throw it away, and that all this Lead would turn to Dross. REVIEW, N^o 107. Vol. III.

But what signifies prophesying to this Generation? A Man had as good talk of the World in the Moon, as of any thing to come: It is the Fate of this Age to be warn'd by nothing but what they feel—And who shall pity them? *E'en let them feel*; just so it has been in their publick Broils; They were told long ago, what a mad Party drove at—But 'tis all in vain, we never believe Things till they come to pass.

I cannot but observe two Things here of this unhappy Gentleman Sir H—M—, which lie very close to him in the present Case, even out of his own Writings.

1. In a certain Book Entitled a Vindication of the *Commons of England*, &c. calculated to run down the *Famous and Honest Kentish* Petition—He says, it is not possible, that the *House of Commons* can do any thing to the Injury of the People they represent, or that they should not understand, and be rightly inform'd of every thing, &c.—relating to, &c.
2. He being a Member of the *House of Commons* at a certain time, when a printed Account of Names of Members was publish'd, call'd THE BLACK LIST, of which he was one; he printed a most religious Book, Entitled, *The Principles of a Member of the Black List*.

Both these Things, I say, unhappily retort close upon him—Since (1.) by the Parliament, who cannot be mistaken, he has been voted a notorious Cheat—And (2.) the Parliament have contradicted his Account of Principles, and have now printed an Account of the *true Principles* of a Member of THE BLACK LIST, more true by far than the former.

I cannot charge my self with being too bitter in these Remarks; for really the Case is so black, I know nothing like it—*Then* shall no more be remembered now,

the Top of Kn—y has got another Standard; formerly when we heard of a Capital Cheat, it was usual to say, it was a *second Pitkin*—But the Mine-Adventure shall now stand in the Front of all Knavery—A Cheat in its Beginning, carry'd on by heaping one Fraud on the Neck of another, and ending, *as most publick Frauds do*, in the Ruin of the Contrivert. It is true, it may fall heavy on some Families, and I pity even the most Guilty, as they involve their innocent Families in a Destruction they had no hand in; but *Sin and Shame will go together*, there can be no avoiding it—And there is as much Justice in sequestering the Estates of such People, who have enrich'd themselves at the Expence of those that trusted them, as there is in an Action of Trover upon a Thief for the Goods he has stole.

To what a Height may a Cheat be carry'd in *England*, when once Men of Figure and Reputation put their Hands to it? And here let me say a Word to some Men, who are otherwise Men of Character, and profess to be Men of Principles, and yet have had a great Share in handing innocent People into this Snare.

However, they may sheer clear of the Punishment, and perhaps of the Loss—I fear, they cannot sheer clear of the Guilt. Nay, the less Loss they have, the worse for their Character—For had they ventur'd their own Money with the Widows and Orphans they drew in, they might have been blam'd for their Folly, but would be quitted as to Knavery. But while the poor ruin'd Widows and the distressed Families mourn their Loss, by this wretched Combination, and look upon them that put their Money into this Bag of Holes—And they have put other Peoples Money in, but kept their own out; they will ever pass with the World for Men that had more Craft than Honesty, and that had too much Hand in the Cheat; let them answer it to their own Consciences, tho' Man cannot fasten upon them—As they say in the North, if they have any Reflection, *these Things will make a Hole in their Hearts as long as they live*.

Nor

Nor will the Reproach of this Cheat wipe out of their Reputation, since it cannot be, but they must be so far let into the Secret, as to see, that there was more Hazard in the, putting their Friends Money in, than they gave those Friends an Account of.

I am not at a Loss to know who I mean in this, nor who the Garment will very well

fit, nor do I doubt their taking it to themselves; for when a Picture is so like a Man, he must own it: And as the Coat, I say, fits them, let them wear it. If they are displeas'd with me—I have an infallible Way to make them Friends again; *Viz.* By convincing them how much they are oblig'd to me for concealing their Names.

MISCELLANEA.

THE Author of this receiv'd a Letter from an unknown Hand, in the following Terms; there is no Name to it, and therefore I do not take upon me to vouch the Matter of Fact; but the Place is so known, that one would think, the Fact may soon be known too.

SIR,

A Certain Gentleman, Curate of a Parish not a Mile from Magpye-Alley in Fenchurch-Street, was lately call'd to christen a poor Woman's Boy near Northumberland-Alley—and being a Person of ready Wit, and charitably inclin'd to ennoble the Family, gave it the Name of Sacheverell. I leave you to consider of it.

March 16. 1709.

I am, &c.

Why truly I shall say of it only this; another Man that I know, and a Churchman too, had a Dog given him, and he nam'd it Sacheverell—And both these are Extremes not to be regarded by either Side.

Really, Gentlemen, this is a Matter of no Admiration at all; the Madness of the Party is run to a great many Heights as ridiculous as this—And I do not print this Letter to shew any Crime of it, but to shew the Simplicity of it—This is just such a Piece of silly blind Stuff, as making a Bonfire for Joy the Doctor was sentenc'd to be silenc'd—And what is the Meaning of it all? I'll tell you in short.

The Criminal has been try'd, and condemn'd, sentenc'd by Parliament, and

suffers now under it——But there is a numerous Party in this Nation, who are ruin'd and undone as a Party, if they do not support the Crime: Now they can no way support the Crime, but by espousing the Criminal——And this they do by studying all the Ways they can to make him popular—drawing in the Mob to caress and huzza him, and shewing all the ridiculous Excesses they can, to raise the Man in the common Vogue of the People——And alas empty Flash, *Ignis fatuus*, how long will it last? How long did the popular Blast of Mob of Praise ever last? Hosannah to day, and Crucifixe to morrow, was the Way our Saviour Himself was treated by the Mob—At best, 'tis but a dirty Praise, a Kennel Compliment, let them go with it—let them call their Children by his Name——Those Children will make his Name perpetuate his Infamy in this, that he has thus far attempted the Ruin of his Country.

Besides, what will his Name do? If the Name would have done any thing, his own Reverend Ancestor, I think it was his Grandfather, might have influenced him; of whom it is recorded, and there are yet living Witnesses to prove it, That he was a Dissenting Minister at or not far off Wincanton; and being torn'd out of his Living at the Famous Black Bartholomew Day, the same furious Party that his unworthy Progeny now espouses, made a Bonfire, and dress'd up an Image to represent their old Minister; and after carrying it about the Streets, and offering it

a thousand Indignities, they threw it into the Fire—Just as this blessed Rabble swore they would have done Mr. *Burgefs* the other Day, if they had found him.

But pray, let Dr. *Sacheverell* hear this Story for his Reproach and Correction; Tho' the *Effigies* of Good Mr. *Sacheverell* was all combustible enough, yet mark how Providence testify'd against the Times; The Fire blew quite away from it, and would not burn it—Enrag'd at this, they brought more Fuel, and held the Image in to that Side the Fire blew towards—Then the Wind turn'd, and blew the Fire the other way—A *High-Flyer* of those Days mad at this, sturk at it with a long Staff, but the Staff flew out of his Hand, and num'd his Hands with the Blow; another shot at it with a Gun, and the Gun burst and wounded him—And after all their Attempts to burn it were in vain, they went away confounded, and were forc'd to leave it.

If this Story be true, it will look strange to have the World compare the Life of old Mr. *Sacheverell* near *Wincanton*, and young Dr. *Sacheverell* of *St. Mary Overs*; for if GOD was for one, the Devil must be for t'other; and take it which way you can.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth—By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher, A certain Number shall be left at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff's*, Bookseller in *Cheapside*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. *Pye* at the Sign of the *Golden Perrinwig* at *Charing Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

Lately Publish'd,
A New Treatise of the Venereal Disease; wherein (other Authors being refuted) its true Cause, Nature, Signs, dangerous Effects, various Ways of Receiving, Symptoms first discovering, and infallible Method of preventing its Infection, together with the best, most cheap, safe, speedy, easie, and private Methods of Cure, are set forth. By what Method and Medicines Persons injur'd by Mercury may be reliev'd, is here discover'd; as also the Cause and Cure of old Gleets in Men, and the Whites in Women. Sold (Price 1 s. 6 d.) by the Author Dr. *SPINKE*, at his House, the *Golden Ball* in the Passage between the *Sun and Castle Taverns* in *Honey-Lane Market, Cheapside*. His Pills are 3 s. the Box, with Directions.



BARTLETT of *Goodman's-Fields*, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the *Golden Ball* by the Ship Tavern in *Prescot-Street* in *Goodmans Fields*, *London*. And the Afternoons at the *Golden Ball* over against *Cheapside-Conduit*, near *St. Pauls*.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.